INDIANA JONES

AND THE

FATE OF ATLANTIS

#3

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INDIANA JONES™

AND THE FATE OF ATLANTIS

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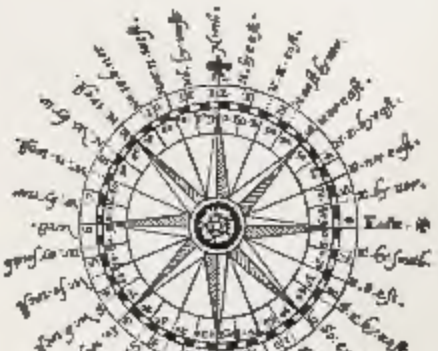

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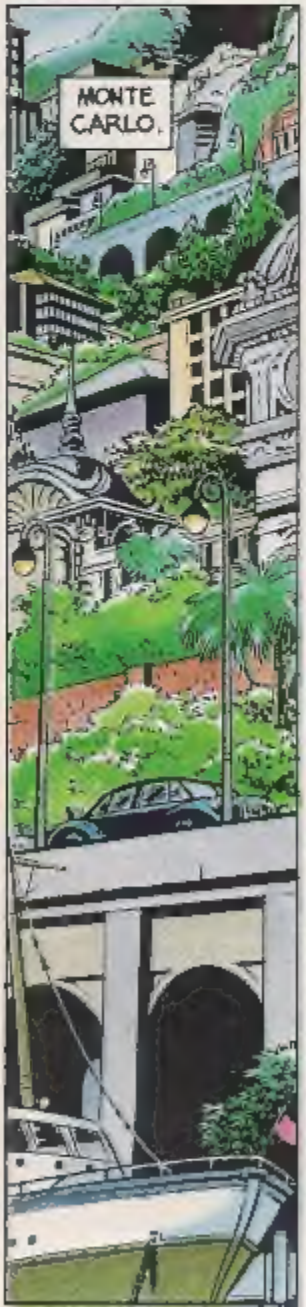
IT'S BEEN QUITE AN ODYSSEY, INDIANA JONES! NEW YORK, ICELAND, MEXICO, BACK TO BARNETT COLLEGE...
NOW HERE... MOROCCO.
YOU FORGOT LENINGRAD, SOPHIE! BUT, ACCORDING TO PLATO, WE'RE NEARING THE HOME STRETCH!

"HIS LOST DIALOGUE... THE HERMOCRATES... FILLED IN THE GAPS ON OUR ATLANTIS INFO.

"FIRST, THE 'BEADS' WE FOUND... IT'S A SURE BET THEY ARE *ORICHALCUM*, WHICH POWERED THEIR MACHINES.

"THE NAZIS WANT AN ATOM BOMB—BUT CAN'T ISOLATE U-235—SO THEY'RE AFTER ORICHALCUM INSTEAD. FOR WORLD CONQUEST!"



"I'VE CONTACTED TROTTIER, INDY— TO BUY BACK SOME PIECES I SOLD HIM.
"BRODY SHOULD BE HEARING FROM HIM."
L. TROTTIER
"YEAH, KID. LET'S HOPE KERNER DOESN'T GET TO HIM FIRST."

THAT SLEAZOID, OMAR AL-JABBAR, HAS A DIG NEAR HERE.

JASTRO-LIKE PIECES, I HEAR!

THAT'S THE NEXT STOP! THEN ON TO GREECE!

GOOD THING WE FOUND THE ERROR IN THE EARLY PLATO TRANSLATION!

IT WAS OFF BY A FACTOR OF *TEN*.

PUTTING ATLANTIS THREE *HUNDRED* MILES OFFSHORE--AND NOT THREE THOUSAND!

MAKING IT A FAIR-SIZED ISLAND, NOT A CONTINENT!

KRAK BLAM BLAM

INDY!

KRAK

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM KRAKAKK BLAM

KRAKKRAKKK

KRAK

HERR PROFESSOR! PROFESSOR UBERMANN! *LOOK!*

BLAMMMM!

BLAM WHOO

BLAM HEE!!..EEE! HOO

SHOOT DOKTOR CHONES, YOU FOOL!

YEGOD, INDY!

WE'RE UNDER SIEGE!

HEE

AW

PSPLAT PTING

K-PI-ING

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"COPAINE"? "PAL"?
YES, THEY'RE IN HIGH SPIRITS! FANTASIA IS LIKE OUR MARDI GRAS!
WILD!
HEE HOOEEE
COME, MES AMIS! YOU RIDE WITH US!
HEY—MY REINS!
TIME TO BEAT A HASTY RETREAT!
BUT—DOCTOR JONES ESCAPED OUR BULLETS, AL-JABBAR!
SO BE IT! UBERMANN DID NOT PAY ME TO FACE A BAND OF BERBER MARKSMEN!
WE GO QUIETLY!
HA-HAAAA! MUSIC FOR OUR HONORED GUESTS!
A DANCE FOR OUR DESERT PRINCESS!
YOU HAVEN'T LOST A BEAT, SOPHIA! STILL KNOCKING 'EM DEAD!
INCIDENTALLY, KNOW WHO THE GUY IN THE SIDECAR WAS, BACK THERE? HANS UBERMANN, A TOP NAZI BRAIN!
SEE WHAT OUR NEW FRIENDS CAN TELL US ABOUT THAT!

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THE GERMAN? OH, YES— HE PAYS MUCH FOR THE RELICS! BUT, YOU KNOW, MES AMIS, MOULAY IDRISS, WHERE THEY DIG, IT IS A HOLY SITE!
OF COURSE, AH... NON-BELIEVERS MAY NOT ENTER!
IT IS WHY THE FILTHY BOSCH MUST HIRE AL-JABBAR... ÷PTOO÷...
...THAT FOOL AND SON OF A FOOL...TO DO THEIR DIGGING!
MM— HMM!
AH, MES AMIS, IF THE RELICS INTEREST YOU... HABIB OUARZAZA IS AT YOUR SERVICE!
AL-JABBAR HAS A CAMP OUTSIDE THE HOLY CITY!
AND THAT'S WHERE HE TRADES WITH THE GERMANS?
EXACTEMENT! AT NIGHTFALL, HABIB WILL TAKE YOU THERE!
VOILÀ... LE BOSCH! MAY THE FLEAS OF A THOUSAND CAMELS ENTER HIS TENT!
UBERMANN... AND KERNER'S HOODS, GUARDING THEIR LOOT!
HOW DO WE GET AT IT?
LEAVE IT TO HABIB!
THESE MEN ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT...
SEE! AN EYE APPEARS IN THE STONE!
CHUBA! CHU-BA!
THE EVIL EYE!

AN EVIL EYE IS UPON THIS PLACE!
FLEE! OR WOE BEFALLS US!
NO! FOOLS! BEGGARS! COME BACK!
WAS GIBT? DESERTERS? STOP THEM!
NEIN! WE MUST NOT LEAVE THE STRONGBOX—
—UNGUARDED MPFF!
KRRUNCH
KPOW
KERNER! MEIN GOTT!
DOKTOR ILLINOIS CHONES, I'LL WAGER!
THE STRONGBOX—GONE!
GOTT SEI DANK, I HAVE NOT PUT TOTAL TRUST IN ANYONE!

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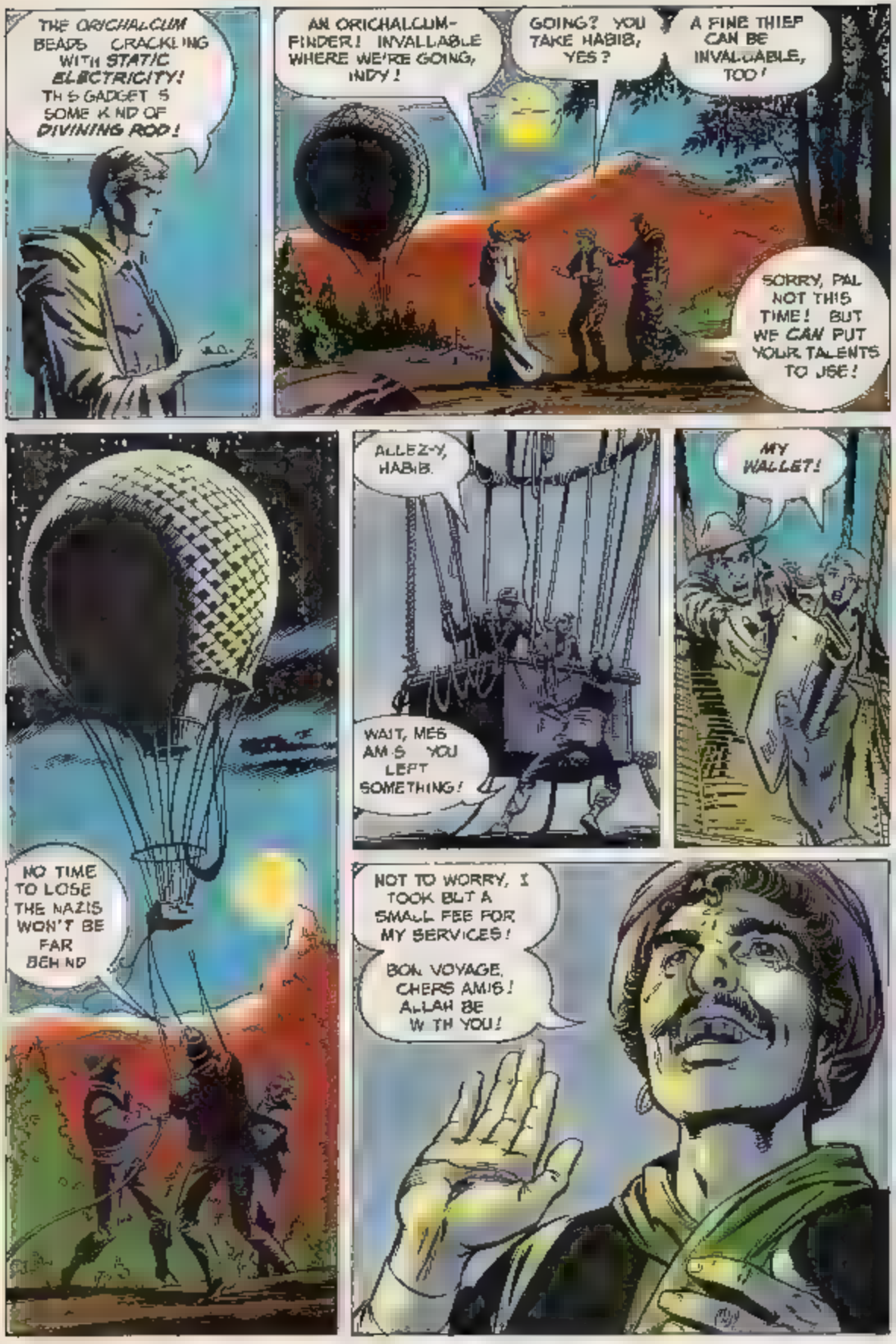
I HID THE KEY-STONES... AND THE ORICHALCUM! ONLY SOME CURIOS IN THE STRONGBOX—LIKE THAT ODD COMPASS.
AND I HAVE ANOTHER ONE LIKE IT!
AL JABBAR! WHY?
THE BOSCH DOES NOT FORGIVE! FIRST, I FAILED TO KILL JONES.
NOW MY DIGGERS ARE GONE! I SHALL HAVE UBERMANN FOR LUNCH BEFORE HE HAS ME FOR SUPPER!
HEETEE HEEE EEEE
AS I SAID, I TRUST NO ONE!
PTPPPE ZZZZIPPZ
WE'VE BEEN HAD, SOPHIE! JUST TRINKETS! AND WHAT'S THIS? AN ODD PIECE!
I KNOW THAT ONE. I WORKED THE DIG, MISS EU INDIANA
IT WAS TAKEN FROM A STRANGE SHIP... AN ARK.. BURIED IN THE SANDS. THE BOSCH GUESSED IT IS A COMPASS!
COMPASS? IT'S NOT WORKING! IT SHOULD BE TURNNNN...NNN
KRRAKL
NING...
OW-WAH I JUST DID! THAT SMARTS!
IT WAS POINTING AT YOUR BREAST POCKET! WHAT'S IN THERE?


THE ORICHALCUM BEADS CRACKLING WITH STATIC ELECTRICITY! THIS GADGET IS SOME KIND OF DIVINING ROD!
AN ORICHALCUM-FINDER! INVALLABLE WHERE WE'RE GOING, INDY!
GOING? YOU TAKE HABIB, YES?
A FINE THIEF CAN BE INVALUABLE, TOO!
SORRY, PAL NOT THIS TIME! BUT WE CAN PUT YOUR TALENTS TO USE!
NO TIME TO LOSE THE NAZIS WON'T BE FAR BEHIND
ALLEZ-Y, HABIB.
WAIT, MES AMIS YOU LEFT SOMETHING!
MY WALLET!
NOT TO WORRY, I TOOK BUT A SMALL FEE FOR MY SERVICES!
BON VOYAGE, CHERS AMIS! ALLAH BE WITH YOU!

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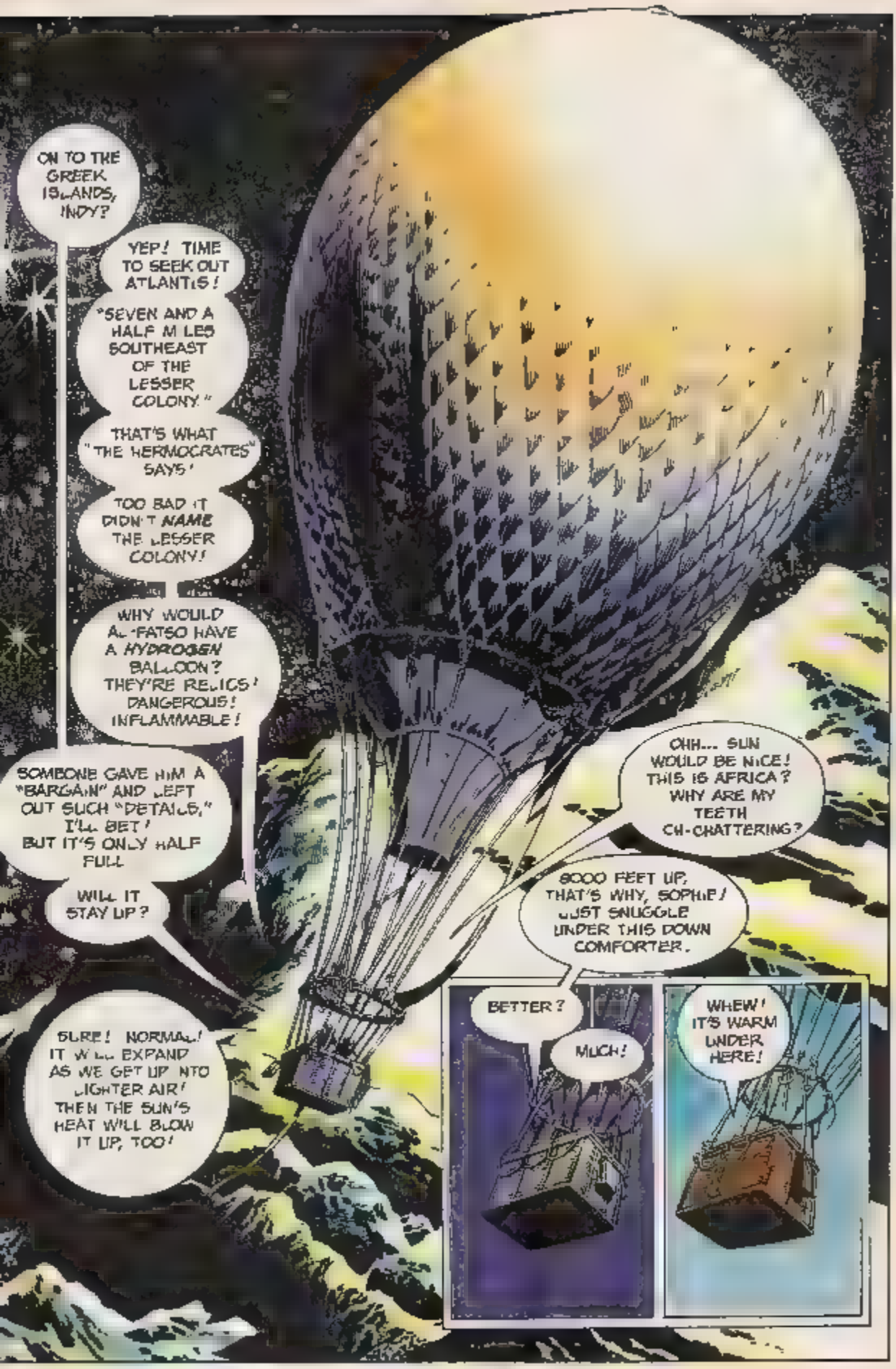
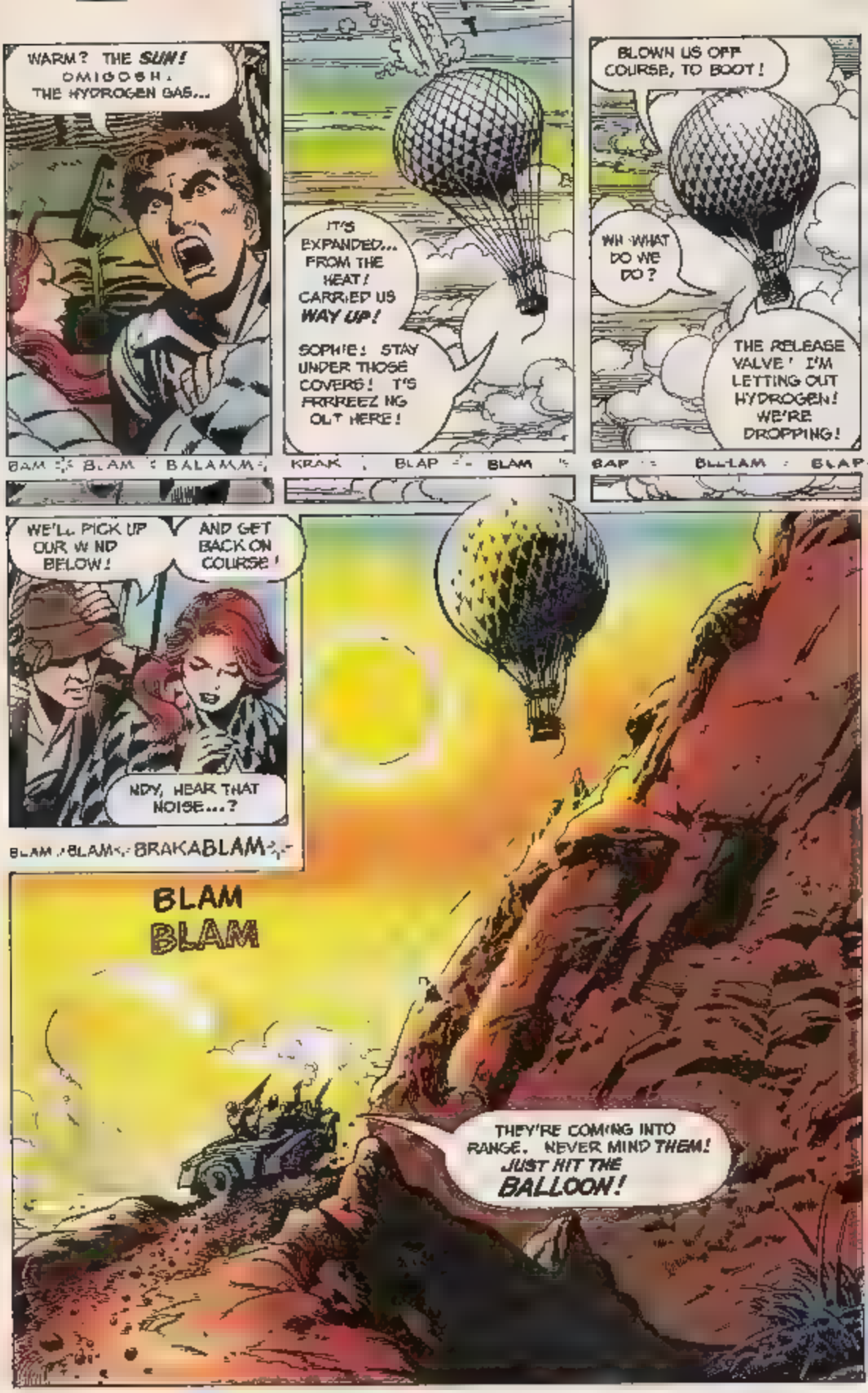
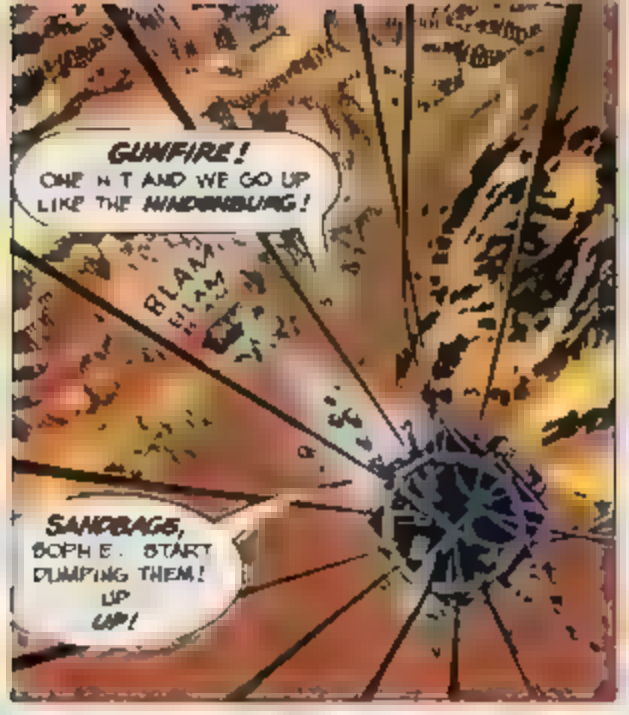
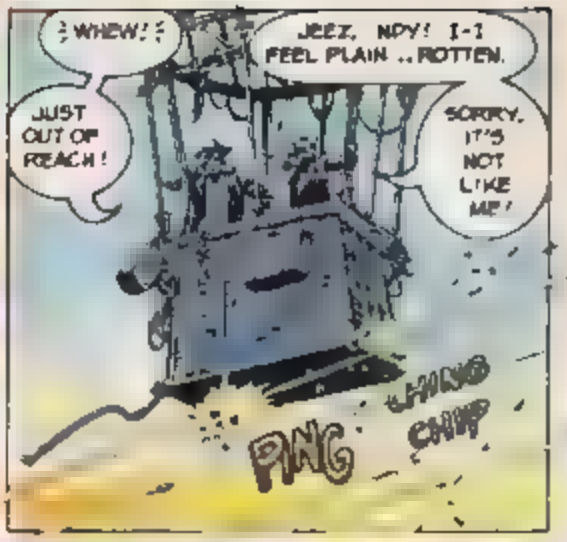
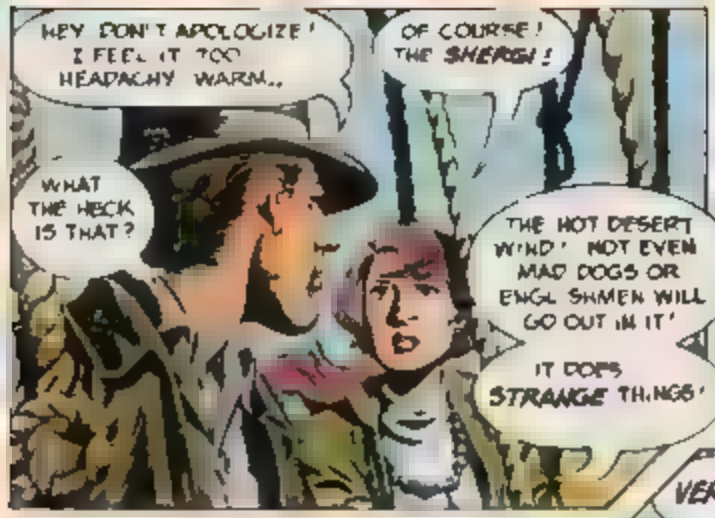

ON TO THE GREEK ISLANDS, INDY?
YEP! TIME TO SEEK OUT ATLANTIS!
"SEVEN AND A HALF MILES SOUTHEAST OF THE LESSER COLONY."
THAT'S WHAT "THE HERMOCRATES" SAYS!
TOO BAD IT DIDN'T *NAME* THE LESSER COLONY!
WHY WOULD AL-FATSO HAVE A *HYDROGEN* BALLOON? THEY'RE RELICS! DANGEROUS! INFLAMMABLE!
SOMEONE GAVE HIM A "BARGAIN" AND LEFT OUT SUCH "DETAILS," I'LL BET! BUT IT'S ONLY HALF FULL
WILL IT STAY UP?
SURE! NORMAL! IT WILL EXPAND AS WE GET UP INTO LIGHTER AIR! THEN THE SUN'S HEAT WILL BLOW IT UP, TOO!
OHH... SUN WOULD BE NICE! THIS IS AFRICA? WHY ARE MY TEETH CH-CHATTERING?
9000 FEET UP, THAT'S WHY, SOPHIE! JUST SNUGGLE UNDER THIS DOWN COMFORTER.
BETTER?
MUCH!
WHEW! IT'S WARM UNDER HERE!


WARM? THE SUN! OMIGOSH! THE HYDROGEN GAS...
BAM BLAM BALAMM
IT'S EXPANDED... FROM THE HEAT! CARRIED US WAY UP!
SOPHIE! STAY UNDER THOSE COVERS! IT'S FRRREEZ NG OUT HERE!
KRAK BLAP BLAM
BLOWN US OFF COURSE, TO BOOT!
WH WHAT DO WE DO?
THE RELEASE VALVE! I'M LETTING OUT HYDROGEN! WE'RE DROPPING!
BAP BLLLAM BLAP
WE'LL PICK UP OUR W ND BELOW!
AND GET BACK ON COURSE!
NDY, HEAR THAT NOISE...?
BLAM BLAM BRAKABLAM
BLAM BLAM
THEY'RE COMING INTO RANGE. NEVER MIND THEM! JUST HIT THE BALLOON!

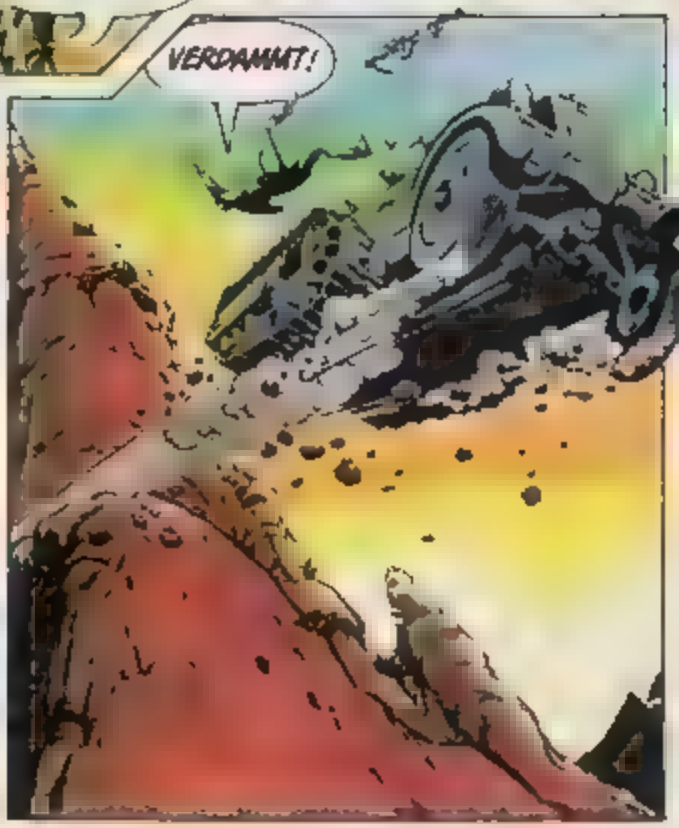

GUNFIRE!
ONE HIT AND WE GO UP LIKE THE HINDENBURG!
BLAM BLAM
SANDBAGS, SOPHIE! START DUMPING THEM! UP UP!

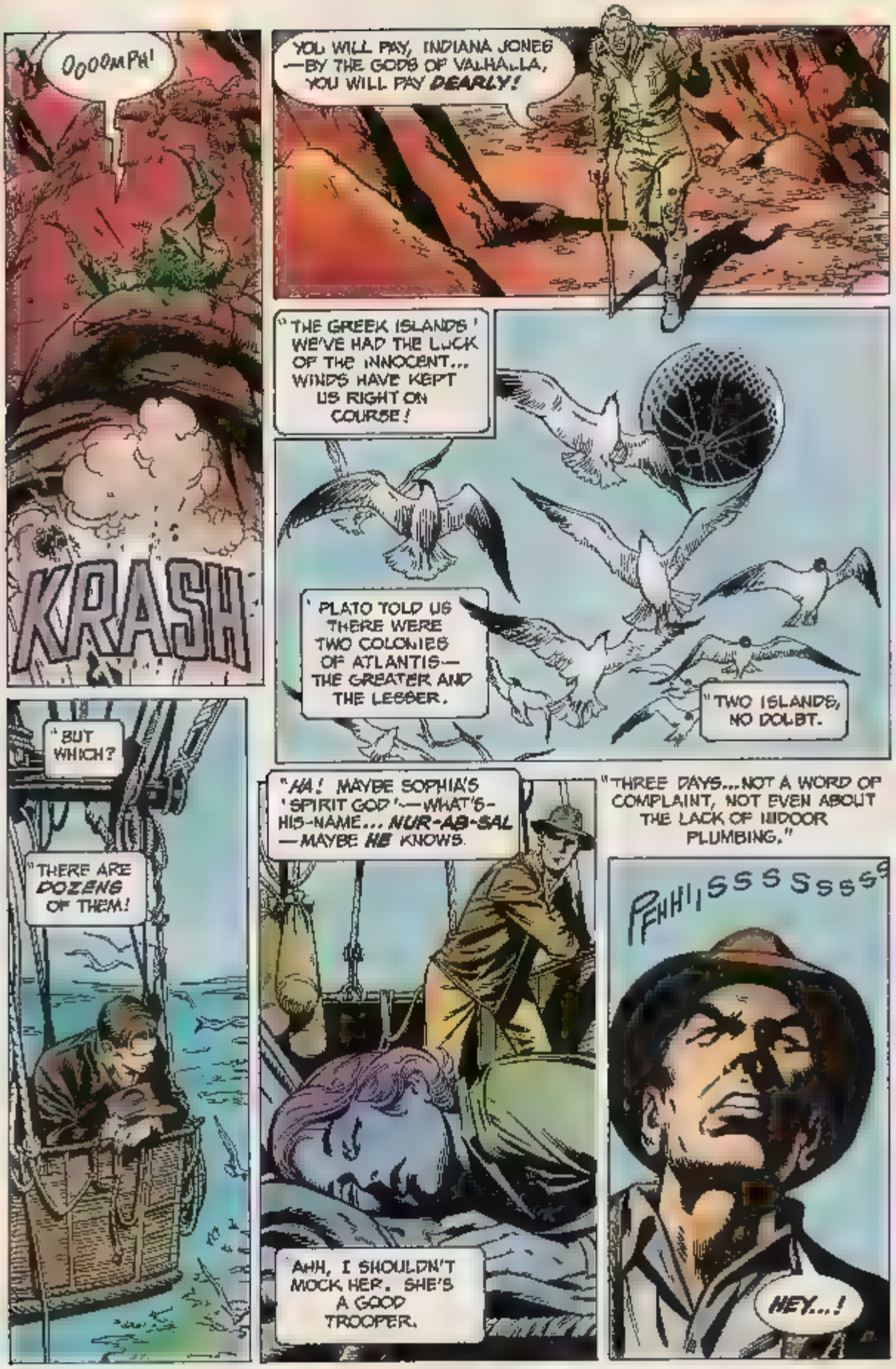

WHEW!
JUST OUT OF REACH!
JEEZ, NDY! I-I FEEL PLAIN ..ROTTEN.
SORRY, IT'S NOT LIKE ME!
PING
CHING
CHIMP

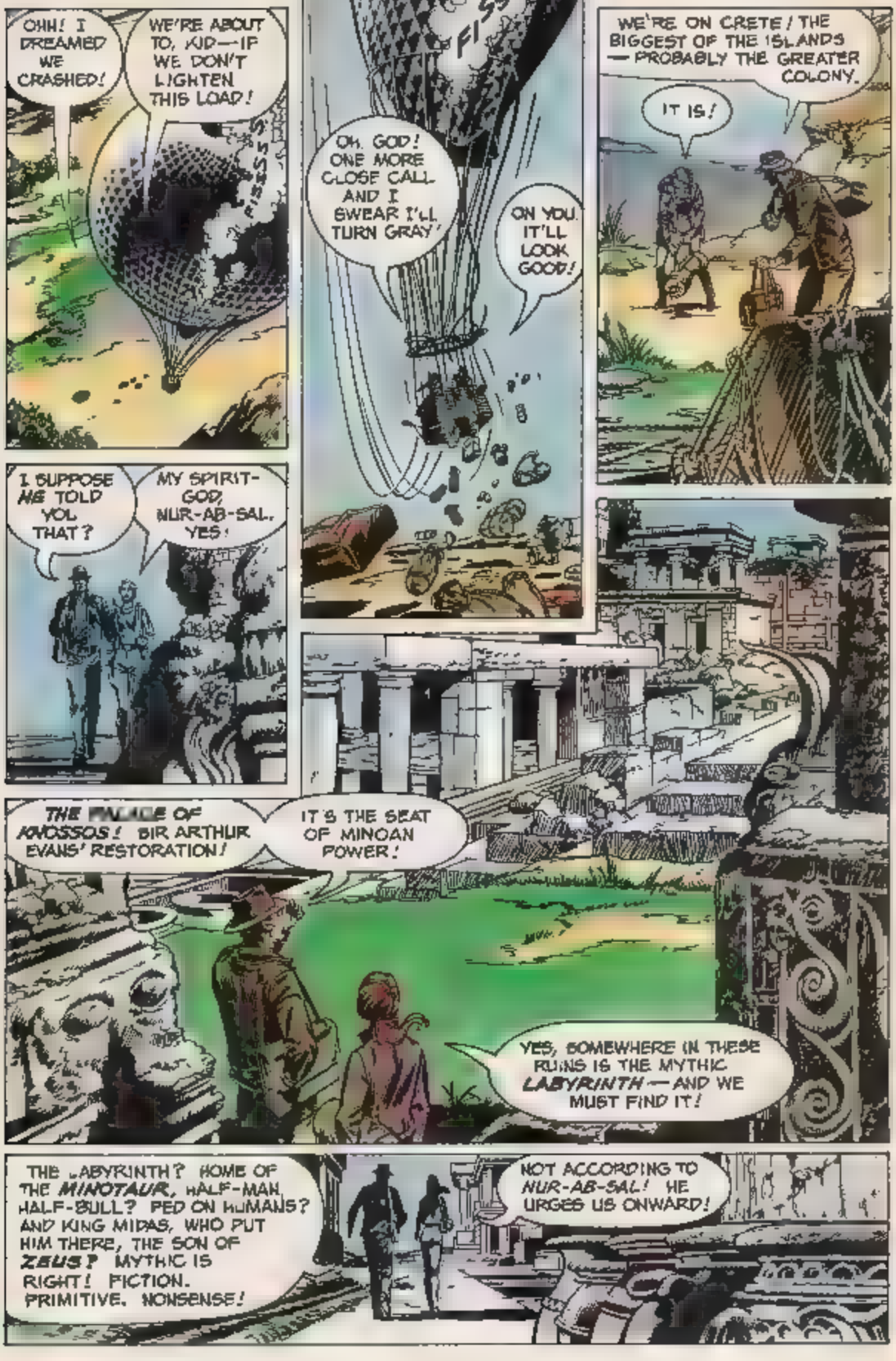

HEY DON'T APOLOGIZE! I FEEL IT TOO HEADACHY WARM..
OF COURSE! THE SHERGI!
WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?
THE HOT DESERT WIND! NOT EVEN MAD DOGS OR ENGLISHMEN WILL GO OUT IN IT!
IT DOES STRANGE THINGS!

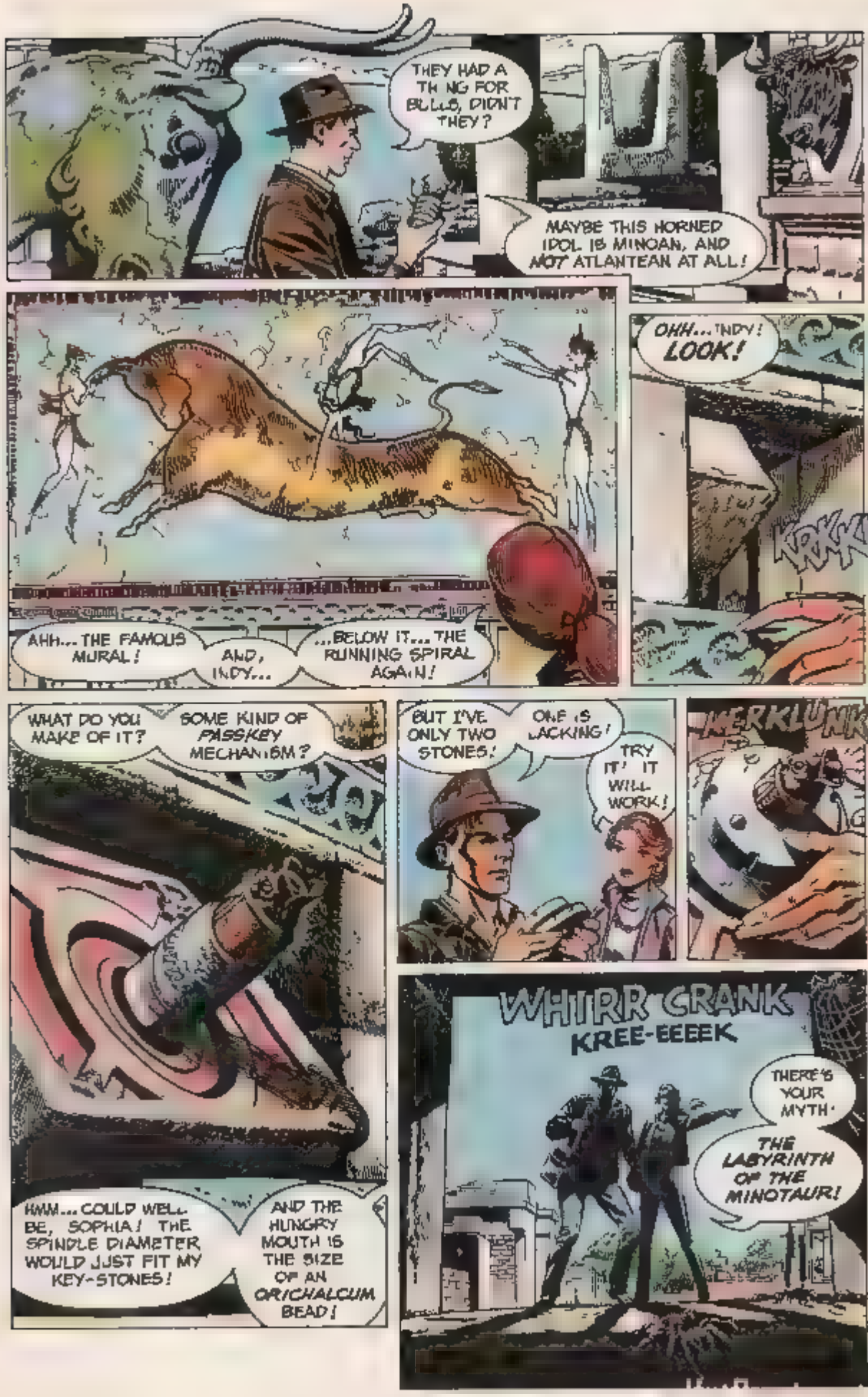
DRIVER! ARE YOU MAD? MATCH THE ROAD!

WHICH ONE?!


VERDAMMT!


OOOOMPH!
KRASH
YOU WILL PAY, INDIANA JONES —BY THE GODS OF VALHALLA, YOU WILL PAY DEARLY!
"THE GREEK ISLANDS' WE'VE HAD THE LUCK OF THE INNOCENT... WINDS HAVE KEPT US RIGHT ON COURSE!
"PLATO TOLD US THERE WERE TWO COLONIES OF ATLANTIS— THE GREATER AND THE LESSER.
"TWO ISLANDS, NO DOUBT.
"BUT WHICH?
"THERE ARE DOZENS OF THEM!
"HA! MAYBE SOPHIA'S 'SPIRIT GOD'—WHAT'S-HIS-NAME... NUR-AB-SAL —MAYBE HE KNOWS.
AHH, I SHOULDN'T MOCK HER. SHE'S A GOOD TROOPER.
"THREE DAYS...NOT A WORD OF COMPLAINT, NOT EVEN ABOUT THE LACK OF INDOOR PLUMBING."
PFHHIISSSSssss
HEY...!


OHH! I DREAMED WE CRASHED!
WE'RE ABOUT TO, KID—IF WE DON'T LIGHTEN THIS LOAD!
FISSSS
OH, GOD! ONE MORE CLOSE CALL AND I SWEAR I'LL TURN GRAY!
ON YOU IT'LL LOOK GOOD!
WE'RE ON CRETE! THE BIGGEST OF THE ISLANDS — PROBABLY THE GREATER COLONY.
IT IS!
I SUPPOSE HE TOLD YOU THAT?
MY SPIRIT-GOD, NUR-AB-SAL. YES!
THE PALACE OF KNOSSOS! SIR ARTHUR EVANS' RESTORATION!
IT'S THE SEAT OF MINOAN POWER!
YES, SOMEWHERE IN THESE RUINS IS THE MYTHIC LABYRINTH — AND WE MUST FIND IT!
THE LABYRINTH? HOME OF THE MINOTAUR, HALF-MAN HALF-BULL? PED ON HUMANS? AND KING MIDAS, WHO PUT HIM THERE, THE SON OF ZEUS? MYTHIC IS RIGHT! FICTION. PRIMITIVE. NONSENSE!
NOT ACCORDING TO NUR-AB-SAL! HE URGES US ONWARD!


THEY HAD A TH NG FOR BULLS, DIDN'T THEY?
MAYBE THIS HORNED IDOL IS MINOAN, AND NOT ATLANTEAN AT ALL!
AHH... THE FAMOUS MURAL!
AND, INDY...
...BELOW IT... THE RUNNING SPIRAL AGAIN!
OHH... INDY! LOOK!
KRKKV
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
SOME KIND OF PASSKEY MECHANISM?
HMM... COULD WELL BE, SOPHIA! THE SPINDLE DIAMETER WOULD JUST FIT MY KEY-STONES!
AND THE HUNGRY MOUTH IS THE SIZE OF AN ORICHALCUM BEAD!
BUT I'VE ONLY TWO STONES!
ONE IS LACKING!
TRY IT! IT WILL WORK!
KERKLUNK
WHIRR CRANK
KREE-EEEEK
THERE'S YOUR MYTH!
THE LABYRINTH OF THE MINOTAUR!

C'MON, SOPHIE!
IT'S CLOSING!
CREEEEEE
WAIT...
YOU FORGOT THE KEY-STONES!

WE'LL NEED THESE TO GET INTO ATLANTIS, REMEMBER?
YEAH. THANKS, KID!
KLLLLANK

DARN! NO FLASHLIGHT! NO MATCHES: THEY GOT DUMPED FROM THE GONDOLA!
HANG ON TO ME! I THINK I CAN "SEE" MY WAY THROUGH THIS MAZE!

IT'S ALL PRETTY CLEAR NOW.
WHAT IS?
THE HORNED IDOL. THE RUNNING SPIRAL—ALL MINOAN! THIS WHOLE ATLANTIS THING...
PLEASE HOLD ON TO ME!

...IT'S PROBABLY ANOTHER MINOAN MYTH, SWALLOWED WHOLE BY PLATO AND...
OW-WA! MY NOSE!
RIGHT INTO A WALL! I TOLD YOU!

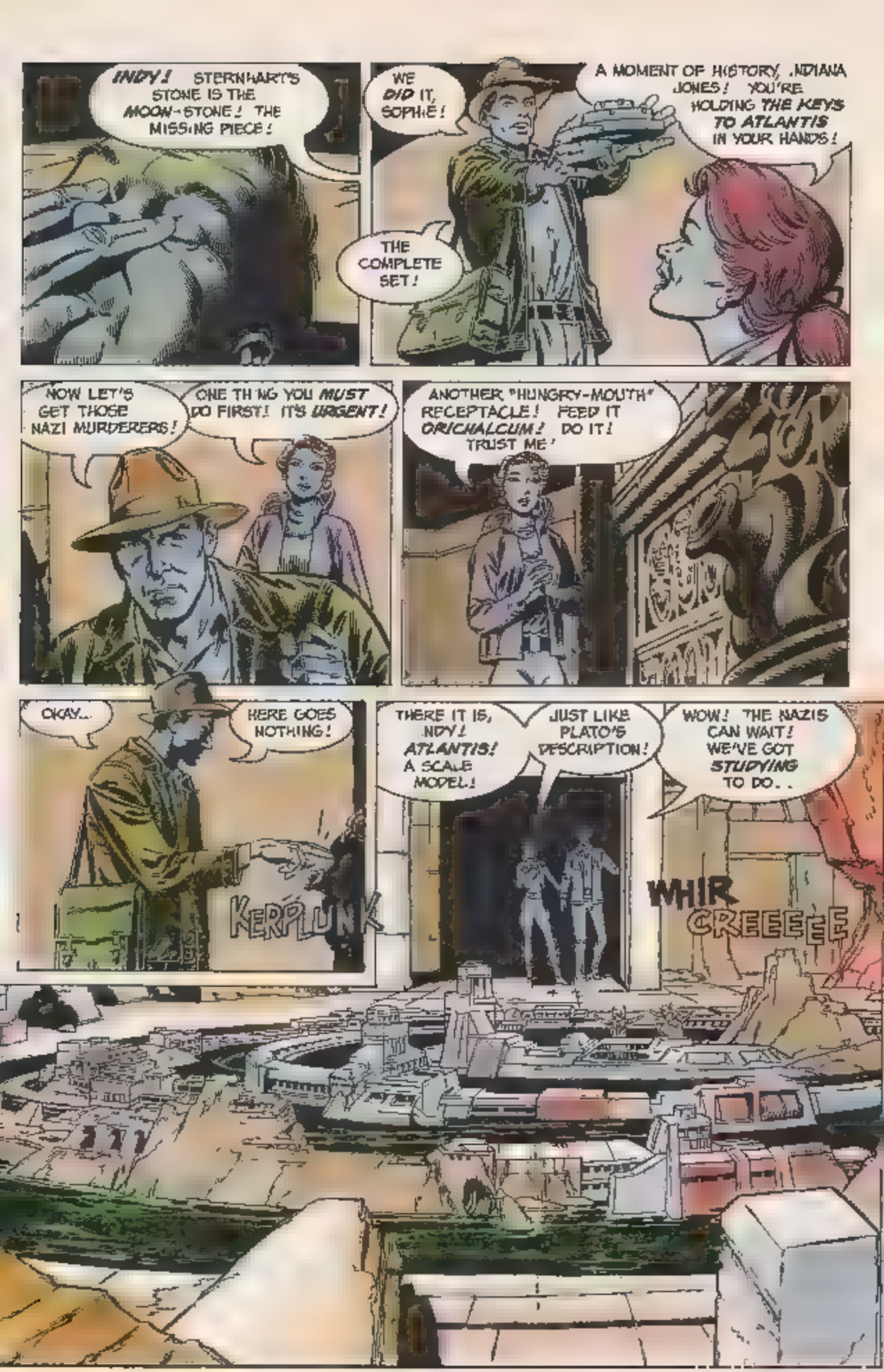
NOW GIVE ME YOUR HAND!
MEN! LIKE CHILDREN!
GOT TO ADMIT...

...YOU'RE SHAKING MY FAITH IN HARD-HEADED LOGIC.
ANY MINUTE NOW I EXPECT TO RUN INTO A GUY WITH A BULL'S HEAD!

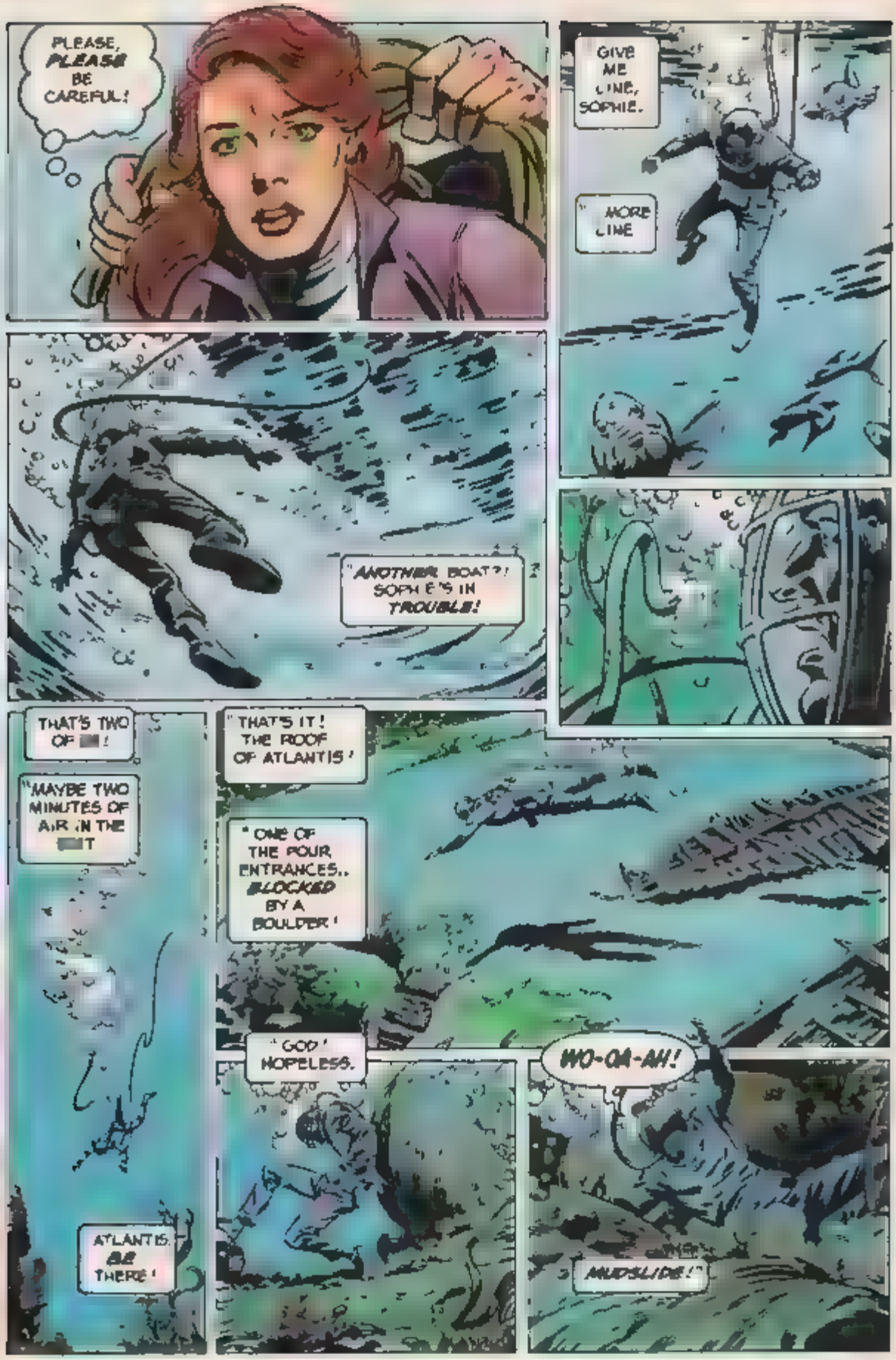
I SENSE WE'RE GETTING CLOSER!
TO WHAT—SQUARE ONE?

EEEEAIIeee
nnnNOo-o-o

HOW ABOUT NAZI THUGS?
VERTEUFEL! JONES... NNNNGGL
BLAP
BAM
YIIII-I-AAUAA!
KRAK
ACH! LET KERNER DEAL WITH THIS DEMON HIMSELF!
SOPHIE—SEE TO THAT GUY! I'M GOING AFTER THE BUTCHER!
INDY—IT'S STERNHART!
JONES, OLD CHAP... GOOD! COUGH YOU GET YOUR PIECE BACK.... UBERMANN... DOUBLE-DEALING... NAZI BASTARD...
BEAT HIM TO IT, JONESY LAD... COUGH ...FOR ME!
EASY, GUY! WE'LL GET YOU OUT!
NO... I'VE BOUGHT IT, OLD CHUM! KHH COUGH MY BAG ...KEY-STONE... DIARY. I'VE WORKED IT... ALL OUT. KH KHCOUGH KHOFF ALWAYS WAS A DAMNED GOOD ARCHAEO-LO-O-O-
-GIST!


INDY! STERNHART'S STONE IS THE MOON-STONE! THE MISSING PIECE!
WE DID IT, SOPHIE!
THE COMPLETE SET!
A MOMENT OF HISTORY, INDIANA JONES! YOU'RE HOLDING THE KEYS TO ATLANTIS IN YOUR HANDS!
NOW LET'S GET THOSE NAZI MURDERERS!
ONE THING YOU MUST DO FIRST! IT'S URGENT!
ANOTHER "HUNGRY-MOUTH" RECEPTACLE! FEED IT ORICHALCUM! DO IT! TRUST ME!
OKAY...
HERE GOES NOTHING!
KERPLUNK
THERE IT IS, INDY! ATLANTIS! A SCALE MODEL!
JUST LIKE PLATO'S DESCRIPTION!
WOW! THE NAZIS CAN WAIT! WE'VE GOT STUDYING TO DO..
WHIR
CREEEEEE

"... BUT AS SOON AS WE RE THROUGH... "
?
HI, FRITZ!
TAP
FOR STERNHART!
KRRRUNCH
AND THIS FOR ME!
WAS PASSIERT? ENGINES...? ARGHH!
JAWOHL, HANS! YOU JUST MISSED THE BOAT!
BLAP
"STERNHART'S DIARY PUT IT ALL TOGETHER. CRETE IS THE GREATER COLONY, THERA THE LESSER. PLATO PLACED ATLANTIS SEVEN AND A HALF MILES SOUTHEAST OF THERA. WE SHOULD BE SITTING RIGHT OVER IT NOW."
INDY... BE CAREFUL!
DIVING IS RISKY BUSINESS, MY YANKEE FRIEND! LET ME FIND WHAT YOU LOOK FOR!
AFRAID NOT, NIKLOS! I'M AFTER MORE THAN SPONGES!


PLEASE, PLEASE BE CAREFUL!
GIVE ME LINE, SOPHIE.
MORE LINE
ANOTHER BOAT?! SOPHIE'S IN TROUBLE!
THAT'S TWO OF [redacted]!
MAYBE TWO MINUTES OF AIR IN THE [redacted]T
THAT'S IT! THE ROOF OF ATLANTIS!
ONE OF THE FOUR ENTRANCES.. BLOCKED BY A BOULDER!
GOD! HOPELESS.
WO-OA-AH!
MUDSLIDE!
ATLANTIS. BE THERE!

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WHUNNN
AHHH
SFEFSLURP
LIGHT! LIKE CAPRI'S BLUE GROTTO.
PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT!
WELL...
...IF SOPHIE CAN DO IT...
HEY! SO CAN I!
HI, THERE!
THIS TIME I'VE GOT ALL THREE KEY-STONES FOR YOU!
OKAY...WE PUT 'EM ON THE SPINDLE... ROTATE THEM SO THE MARKINGS LINE UP AS IN PLATO'S CRYPTIC MESSAGE:
"ATLANTIS CAN BE ENTERED ONLY WHEN THE FULL MOON IS SEEN BENEATH THE BLAZING SUN... UNDER THE DARKEST NIGHT!"
THERE!
KLIK
WELL...?
NOTHING HAPPENED!
DID I GET IT WRONG?

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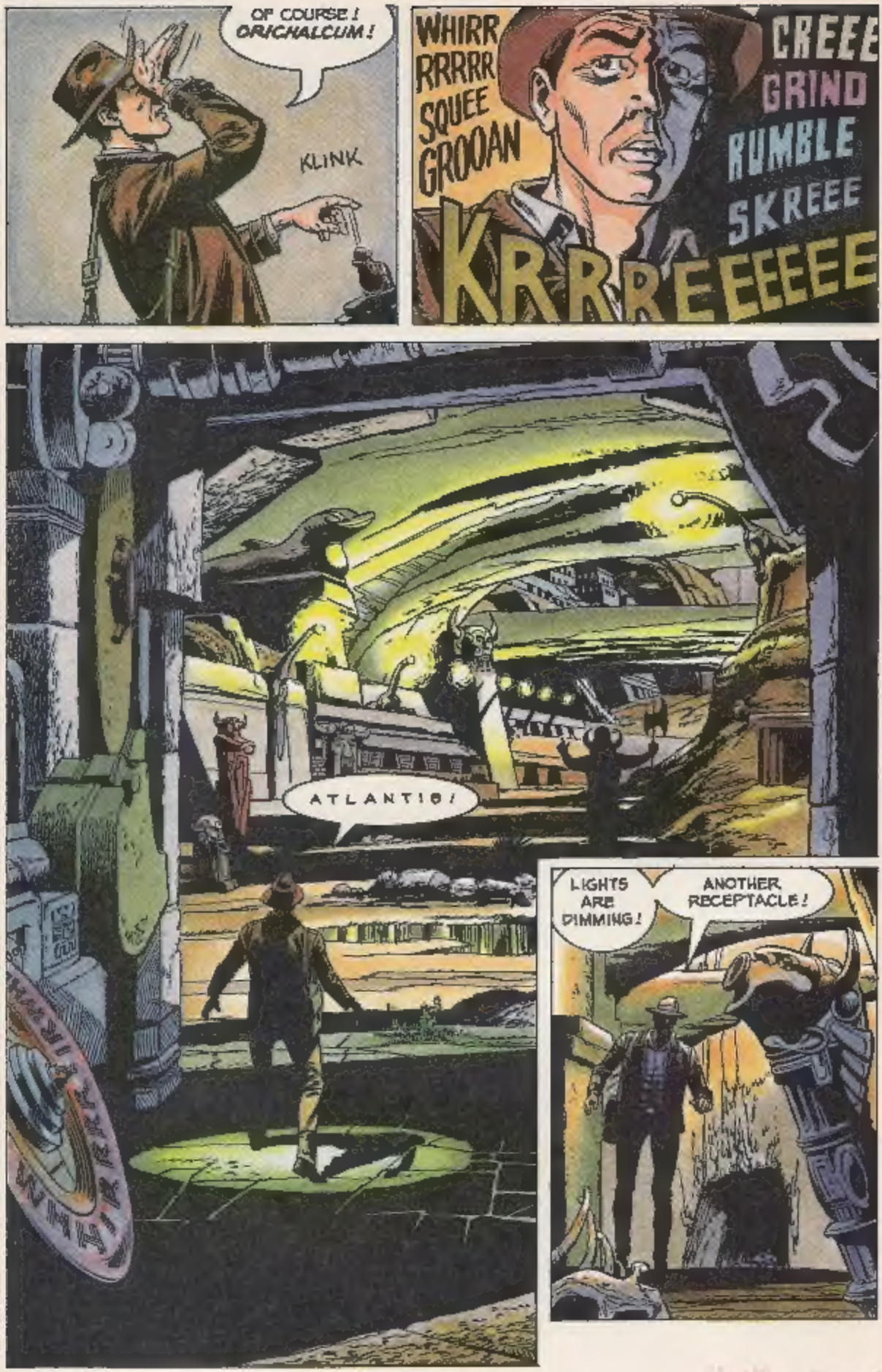
OF COURSE! ORICHALCUM!
KLINK
WHIRR RRRRR SQUEE GROOAN
CREEE GRIND RUMBLE SKREEE
KRRRREEEEEE
ATLANTIS!
LIGHTS ARE DIMMING!
ANOTHER RECEPTACLE!

MY LAST PIECE OF ORICHALCUM! BUT I'VE GOT TO GAMBLE IT—OR BE CUT OFF IN THE DARK!
A-HA! EUREKA!
"LIGHTS AS BRIGHT AS THE SUN, POWERED BY ORICHALCUM. PLATO WAS RIGHT—A WONDROUS SOURCE OF POWER!
"MUST HAVE BEEN ONE HELLUVA BATTLE! OR A RIOT... OR REBELLION?
"THIS WAS THE SLAVE QUARTERS...THE OUTERMOST OF THE THREE RINGS! GAD! A GRUESOME LOT! TWISTED...
"...DEFORMED. LIKE THE POOR GUY IN THE MAYAN TOMB.
"NO TWO ALIKE. DEFINITELY NOT GENETIC. MUTATION, MAYBE?
"OR DISEASE?
"SOPHIA'S GOING TO BE SHATTERED! HER LOFTY VISIONS OF A UTOPIAN ATLANTIS...
"...JUST LOOK AT IT!

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"CORRIDORS LEADING INWARD...TO THE CANAL....AND THE HEART OF ATLANTIS.
OOPS! SORRY, PAL.
"ASIDE FROM THE LIGHTS AND THE MOVING WALLS, EVERYTHING'S SO PRIMITIVE!
"DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE!
" WHA—?! VOICES!
" YET THEY BUILT A SYSTEM OF AIRLOCKS AGAINST THE SEA BEFORE THE ISLAND SANK!
"INHABITANTS? STILL?!
" A U-BOAT!
"UBERMANN! KERNER! THEY'VE GOT SOPHIA!"

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